

### The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,  
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,  
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole  
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,  
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings  
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,  
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by  
Th'important acting of your dread command, o say.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,  
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,  
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,  
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i't with you?  
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,  
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,  
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,  
Your bedded haire like life in excrements  
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne  
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,  
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones  
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,  
Least with this pittious action you conuert  
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe  
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

### Prince of Denmark

Ham. Why looke you there, looke  
My father in his habit as he liued,  
Looke where he goes, euen now or

Ger. This is the very coynage of  
This bodiless creation extracie is v

Ham. My pulse as yours doth te  
And makes as healthfull musicke  
That I haue vttered, bring me to t  
And the matter will reword, whic  
Would gambole from, mother fo  
Lay not that flattering vnction to  
That not your trespass but my m  
It will but skin and filme the vice  
Whiles ranck corruption mining  
Infects vnseene, confesse your sel  
Repent what's past, auoyd what i  
And doe not spread the compost  
To make them rancker, forgiue r  
For in the fatnesse of these pursie  
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardo  
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to

Ger. O Hamlet thou hast cleft r

Ham. O throwe away the worl  
And leaue the purer with the oth  
Good night, but goe not to my V  
Assure a vertue if you haue it no  
That monsther custome, who all se  
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in  
That to the vse of actions faire an  
Helikewise giues a frock or Liue  
That aptly is put on to refraine n  
And that shall lend a kind of easi  
To the next abstinence, the next  
For vse almost can change the st  
And either the deuill, or throwe  
With wonderous potency: once  
And when you are desirous to b  
He blessing beg of you, for this fa  
I doe repent; but heauen hath p